

THE RESTLESS SEX

A Romantic Film Drama With MARION DAVIES

By Robert W. Chambers.

Watch for This Story in Motion Pictures.

"The Restless Sex," soon to be seen in all leading motion picture theaters, is a Cosmopolitan Production, released in a Paramount-Artreft picture.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

"The restless sex is setting the world by fire," he said. "All this feminist business, this intrusion into man's affairs, this fidgety dissatisfaction with a perfectly good civilization, is spoiling you all."

"Is that the sort of thing you're putting into your wonderful novel?" she inquired.

"No, it's too unimportant."

"Dad! Let's ignore him! Now, dear, if you feel as you do about a career for me at present, I really think I had better go to college. I do love pleasure, but somehow the sort of pleasure I'm supposed to enjoy doesn't last, and in the end, I think, that tire one very quickly. It does make a difference in dancing, doesn't it?—not to hear an idea uttered during an entire evening—not to find anybody thinking for themselves."

"Oh, Steve!" laughed Jim, "you're not expected to think at your age! All that society expects of you is that you chatter incessantly during dinner and the opera and do your thinking in a ballroom with your feet!"

She was laughing, but an unwelcome color brightened her cheeks as she turned on him from the padded arm of John Cleland's chair, where she had been sitting.

"If I really thought you meant that, Jim, I'd spend the remainder of my life in proving to you that I have a mind."

"Never mind him, Steve," said John Cleland. "If you wish to go to college, you shall."

"How about looking after us?" inquired Jim, alarmed.

"Dad, if my being here is going to make you more comfortable," she said, "I'll remain. Really, I am serious. Don't you want me to go?"

"Are you really so restless, Steve?"

"Mentally," she replied, with a defiant glance at Jim.

"This will be a gay place to live in if you go off four years!" remarked that young man.

"You don't mean that you'll miss me?" she exclaimed mockingly.

"Of course I'd miss you," he said. "Miss the mental stimulus I give you?"—sweetly persuasive.

"Not at all. I'd miss the mental relaxation you afford my tired brain."

"You beast! Dad, I'm going! And some day your son will find out that it's an idle mind that makes a girl restless; not a restless mind that makes her idle."

"I was just teasing, Steve!"

"I know it," she smiled at the young fellow, but her gray eyes were brilliant.

She nestled against John Cleland. "I have made up my mind, darling, and I have decided to go to Vassar."

Home, to John Cleland and his son, had come to mean Stephanie as well as everything else under the common roof.

For the background of familiar things framed her so naturally and so convincingly and seemed so old and tremble of her in this mellow old household, where everything had its particular place in an orderly ensemble, that when she actually departed for college, the routine became dislocated, jarring everything above and below stairs, and leaving two dismayed and extremely restless men.

"Steve's going off like this has put the whole house on the blink," protested Jim, intensely surprised to discover the fact.

It nearly finished Janet, whose voice, long afflicted with the crackles and tremble of age, now became almost incoherent at the very mention of Stephanie's name.

Old Lizzie, the laundress, deeply disapproving of Stephanie's departure, insisted on doing her linen and shoes, fabrics, and sending a hamper once a week to Poughkeepsie.

Every week, also, Amanda, the cook, dispatched cardboard boxes Vassarward, containing delicacies and culinary creations which she stubbornly refused to allow Cleland Senior to censor.

"Ay t'ank a little yelky-cake and a little yar of ya, it w'nt not hurt Stephanie," she explained to Cleland, and he said no more.

As for Meacham, he prowled noiselessly about his duties, little, shrunken, round-shouldered, as though no dislocation in the family circle had occurred; but every day since her departure, at Stephanie's place a fresh flower of some sort

lay on the cloth to match the other blossom opposite.

In the library, together, after dinner, father and son discussed the void which her absence had created. "She'll get enough of it and come back," suggested Jim, but without conviction. "It's beastly not having her about."

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)
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BOOKS

HIDDEN TRAILS. By William Patterson White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

EVERYTHING was serene in the Happy Heart Saloon in the town of Farewell. Three cow-punchers leaned against the bar drinking "Old Crow," and five more young men were engaged in drawing poker. The hero, aloof, built himself a cigarette, and was bored.

A red-headed "jigger" looked in at the window. The hero was at once alert—no longer bored. He knew what was coming. This red-headed guy looked in at the window on page five of this startling story of the West in the days of the stage coach, and had men, and cow-punchers. By the time page ten is reached, the red-headed man had two fingers of whiskey, had played in the poker game, and had killed a man. On page thirteen is recorded his exit from town, at the request of the town marshal, and the pages later a stage coach enters with a guard shot dead and the driver "creased."

Thereafter events move rapidly along, and the reader, like the hero, Johnny Ramsey, is bored no longer. For there is a stirring dog fight on page eighteen, and page thirty-six records the death of two men and a horse. Then the story purveys its place in the nation of a frustrated lynching, with Johnny, the hero as the intended victim. This on page sixty-five. En passant, a citizen has two teeth knocked out on page forty-two. Rescued from the lynching party Johnny devotes himself to wooing the beautiful maid, Dorothy Burr, and to plans to clean out the band of bad men who are terrorizing the neighborhood. After ten and run, three pages, Venus in the ascendant and Mars nowhere.

Alas for Venus. Page 118, and a hapless deputy sheriff dies, and the marshal of Farewell is badly wounded. Skinny Devinney is hurried through a window, which no one has thought to open. Window is ruined—also Skinny's reputation as a fighting man. Nine pages of piping times of peace, and a sheriff enters with one in custody who has snuffed out a peaceful barkeeper.

Bang! Thud! Bang! and a gray-haired hatless man tumbles over the saddle horn and runs a bit. Another bang, and he falls forward, and is forever still. This on page 146. Meanwhile the energetic Johnny plays detective, and discovers clues leading to the discovery of the identity of the bad men. He also comes under the influence of Lotta, the vamp, and experiences the pangs of jealousy. More love stuff and detective work to page 254, where the lid blows off, and a messenger and guard are blown to atoms by dynamite and another guard wounded, while \$50,000 is gathered in by the bandits.

Fourteen pages fit by, and the bandits are on their way. "A Pair and Summer Morning." Five men ride up Main street leading four horses. Each led horse has a corpse tied to the saddle. Fourteen pages fit by, and the bandits are on their way. "A Pair and Summer Morning." Five men ride up Main street leading four horses. Each led horse has a corpse tied to the saddle.

Grand finale. Johnny visits the laundress, and she sends a hamper once a week to Poughkeepsie. Every week, also, Amanda, the cook, dispatched cardboard boxes Vassarward, containing delicacies and culinary creations which she stubbornly refused to allow Cleland Senior to censor.

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Every Little Mirror Has a Story All Its Own



Hats for the Hot Days

By Rita Stuyvesant.

NOWADAYS fashionable women are sponsoring hats of organdy, for they are win- some attractive and unusually becoming. Pale orchid, light blue, peach, apricot, lettuce, green, rose, beige, violet, and hundreds of other smart shades are all represented. Even dark colors are being introduced for the more conservative matron.

These hats are rather large, to shade the face. Sometimes the crown is softly gathered into the brim, while others are of more tailored type. Drooping brims, too, seem to be the vogue, with coquet- fish frills on the edge, concealing yet revealing Milady's eyes. And, of course, one must perch a huge crisp bow on the front to express charm.

Hats of this kind are most interesting and may be worn with any light frock. For town wear many women select navy blue or organdy, and there is quite an appeal for hats of brown to be worn with the popular organdy frock of that color. Gray, too, in a lovely silver shade is good for the matron whose hair is of the same color.

Dainty hats of simple charm are likewise offered in the new polka-dot organdy. Red and white is becoming to the vivid brunette and is very striking bowed in red organdy. Sometimes the dotted hats are bound or edged in a plain shade with effective result.

A novel hat of pink organdy interprets the charm of youth delightfully with accordion pleated brim and small blue corn-flowers. Even the extra yard when planning an frock, so that you may have an individual hat to accompany it.

There are also some dainty combination hats, with brim of one color and crown of another.

Cups, basins, etc., should never be stood one within the other. This is a very risky thing to do; it is much better to have plenty of strong hoods and to hang jugs and cups on these.

If metal teapots are not used for some time they are apt to become rusty. This may be prevented by dropping a lump of sugar into the pot before putting it away. The sugar absorbs all dampness.

When the hands have become soft and spongy after the day's washing or other household work soak them in cold water for a few minutes. This closes the pores and keeps the skin fine and close-grained.

Scour a dirty zinc pail or tub with a cloth moistened with kerosene and then dipped in bath brick. Afterward wash with hot soda water. This treatment will make even the dirtiest pail shine almost like new.

To Keep Straightest, Unruliest Hair in Curl

The straightest, contrariest hair can be kept in curl, even in the hottest or damp- est weather, by such simple and harmless means, that the use of the drying, singeing, blistering curling iron is altogether in- excusable. One need only get a few ounces of plain liquid salicylic from the drug- gist and apply a little to the hair before doing it up. The result is quite remarkable. The hair is delightfully wavy and beautifully glossy, without being in the least greasy, gummy or streaked. The effect lasts very much longer than where curlers alone or waving irons are used.

The salicylic is best put on with a clean tooth brush, drawing the brush the hair from crown to tip, preferably after divid- ing it into strands. The application seems to gradually improve the texture and health of the hair.

When Hearts Are Trumps

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

CHAPTER XXXVII

EVEN when a girl is in love there is a pleasurable excitement about the first few weeks of her engagement.

This was especially true in Barbara Paige's case. She was popular, and all her friends were interested in the announcement that she was betrothed to John Brandon.

At first she protested feebly when her aunt proposed that the news be made public immediately.

"Oh, no, Auntie," she began. But before she could remonstrate any further Cynthia cut her short with:

"Now that Robert Elliott knows, it is only fair that other people should. Anyway, he will write to some of the girls or men about it. And your friends will have cause for wounded feelings at your having kept them in ignorance of the facts."

Would Robert write to his friends about it? The question thrust itself into the girl's mind, but she banished it quickly. What did she care what Robert did?

"Daisy ought to know the truth," Aunt Cynthia continued. "Would you like me to tell her?"

"No, I would not!" was the prompt reply. "I prefer telling my most intimate friend myself, please."

Cynthia chimed.

"I beg your pardon!" Barbara apologized meekly.

This was the second time in the past twenty-four hours that she had spoken sharply to Aunt Cynthia. She was ashamed to reflect on this fact. In spite of her efforts to alter her sentiments, she was conscious of a feeling of awe now that she was engaged to John Brandon, she need not do exactly as her aunt ordered. She recognized this mental attitude, and deprecated it. She must guard her speech. For some unaccountable reason she loved her aunt less than usual, while she loved Uncle Arthur more dearly than ever.

A BIT IMPULSIVE.

She spoke gently now, in order to prove her repentance.

"I did not mean to be so abrupt, Auntie; only mean that as Daisy and I are so intimate, I think it would be well for me to tell her the news myself."

"Just as you choose," Miss Cynthia rejoined briefly.

Barbara sighed, oppressed by the consciousness of her relative's displeasure. Yet surely this same relative was rather inconsistent. She had insisted that Robert must know, and she was now unwilling to tell him the fact of his knowledge a reason for a public announcement of the betrothal.

But perhaps Barbara herself was to blame for not seeing matters as her aunt saw them. The girl was puzzled by her own mental attitude. All her world was changed. The only persons who were stable in her life were her uncle and John Brandon. To the latter she turned with a sense of security that he might well mistake for affection. His heart seemed to have been opened to her, and she was sure of his love.

After the conversation just re- corded, Cynthia went to her room with dignity that her niece recog- nized as disapproval. The child- ishness smote her. She must make amends for her impatient words. To this end, she rapped at her aunt's door and obeyed the sum- mons to "come in."

"Auntie," she said, "I have come to apologize for the way I spoke just now. I was very cross. I am afraid. I do not know why I am so irritable these days. Please excuse it."

Miss Cynthia took advantage of this repentant frame of mind to utter a word in season.

"Yes, Barbara, you are rather short—I am sorry to hear that. But I make excuses for you, for I know that an engaged girl is apt to be self-centered and independent."

"But I advise you to guard against this fault," she continued. "You are young. You have much to learn. You will be calmer and more content when all the agita- tion and excitement of the an- nouncement of your engagement is over, and when you know definitely when you are to be married. A long engagement is a mistake."

A NEW SHOCK.

"Married!" gasped Barbara. "Oh, Aunt Cynthia—surely it is entirely too soon to begin to talk of that!"

I am not used to being engaged yet."

Her aunt lifted a warning hand and pursed up her lips.

"Careful, my dear! Remember how you just apologized for your recent will."

"Of course you will not have a long engagement. It would be ab- surd—and unkind also to John, who, as he is not young, has a right to make the most of the years that are left to him. It will also make it easier for your uncle and me if the work and expense of the wedding are over before many months."

"Still, I only mention these facts so that you may bear them in mind. Of course, it is too soon to go into the wedding details. The late fall or early winter would be an ideal season for the wedding. But time enough to discuss that later! In the meanwhile, announce your en- gagement, before it appears in The Summerfield Democrat."

"I do not want it announced in the paper—please!" Barbara begged.

Again her aunt avoided an issue.

"Never mind that now. First of all, go to see Daisy, or send for her. And make her understand that you are a love affair—that, and that only."

"That is a duty you owe your be- trothed—"

(To Be Continued.)

Right Way to Reduce

By Brice Belden, M. D.

WHAT we aim to do in the treatment of obesity is to burn up the surplus fat in the body and prevent its reaccumulation.

Regulation of the diet constitu- tes the essential part of this treatment.

The burning up of our tissues is not always regular and uniform, and our attempts to increase the oxidation of fats do not always bring a prompt and full response.

It is the variation in the rate of oxidation which accounts for the small eaters who remain persist- ently stout, while large eaters as persistently remain thin. The de- mands made by partial starvation, therefore, do not always reduce the obese as one might expect.

When imperfect oxidation inter- feres with our attempts to reduce people who weigh too much, the ductless glands are generally at fault. Anything which injures those glands or disturbs their func- tions is likely to affect oxidation unfavorably, since they have much to do in the way of regulating that burning-up process. One of the commonest causes of ductless gland disturbance is autointoxication from the eating of too much ani- mal food (milk and its products ex- cepted).

It is therefore well in dealing with obesity to exclude from the dietary meat and eggs. Practic- ally, this will be found to work well. Some milk may be allowed, as these patients need a little protein of un- objectionable character.

Water drunk in ordinary quan- tities.

Each fruit and vegetable should be eaten, as they supply needed body salts and vitamins.

Do not reduce faster than two pounds a week, as otherwise un- pleasant consequences may ensue. Allow occasional periods of rest from the rigid diet.

Be cautious if there is any dis- ease. Elderly people who have been obese for a long time should not try to reduce.

Vain Warnings.

An eminent actor-manager tells a story concerning a clergyman and his actor son. Prior to his going on the stage the father wrote to the manager saying, "My son John has threatened to go on the stage, and I want you to stop him." However, shortly afterward, the son did go on the stage, and the manager, meeting him one day, asked him how his father took it. "I have not seen him," was the reply, "but he takes some interest in me because when- ever any actor is charged with a crime he underlines the report of it in the newspaper and sends it to me."

Drawn by C. D. BATCHELOR



Romance and Your Girl

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever,

Professor in the University of Kan- sas and a Well-Known Educator.

GUARD your girl against entan- gling alliances. Keep out of impossible engagements. Seek diligently to avoid a love tragedy.

It is a mistake to believe that parents cannot assist their daughter with her love affairs. It is not in- terference or positive restraint, but constructive management, which I am commending. To come into the case after it has become seriously involved, and with a display of stern authority—that is the usual bad more or less futile way.

I have just heard the story of a beautiful girl whose confidence and affections were misplaced. She guessed wrong, because no older hand gave her sympathetic counsel.

Now, I want to tell her the facts. And make her understand that yours is a love affair—that, and that only.

"That is a duty you owe your be- trothed—"

(To Be Continued.)

During her high school age try to keep your girl from becoming en- gaged to any youth. The match is likely to prove merely a bad guess.

Assist her to continue happy so- cial relations with many worthy youths until she learns how to de- tect beneath the surface those qual- ities which constitute substantial manhood in the making.

Ask her to inquire carefully into the biography of any prospective suitor. Not emotional promises, but past performance is by far the bet- ter test.

Counteract any developing near- kenus and wrongly placed de- sires on the part of your girl by bringing new and attractive young men acquaintances into her social company. Thus cure love with more love, the wise young wife teaches him.

Teach your girl how to look for the substantial human qualities be- neath mere polish and the possible veneer of good manners. Many a praiseworthy young man does not catch on as to how to select his ties, how to behave "properly" toward his social companion when the two are out together, till some smart girl or young wife teaches him.

As a rule the green young fellow who really desires to learn to be pleasing is a good prospective "catch."

Finally, parents and big sisters, there are many thousands of good women permanently crushed and wounded in spirit because of ig- norant trifling and guessing as to the early love impulses. Nothing in all her course of education calls for more thoughtful care-taking than this early heart flame. Let us in- telligently conserve its beauty.

Near Enough.

The lawyer eyed the woman in the witness box in patient despair. "You say, madam," he began, "that the defendant is a sort of relation of yours. Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"Well, it's like this," replied the witness, beaming upon the court. "His first wife's cousin and my sec- ond cousin's first wife's aunt mar- ried brothers named Jones, and they were cousins to my mother's aunt. Then again, his grandfather on his mother's side and my grandfather on my mother's side were second cousins, and his stepmother married my husband's stepfather, after his father and my mother-in-law died."

"Brother Joe and my hus- band's brother Harry married twin sisters. I've never worked out just how close related we are, but I've always looked on him as a sort of cousin."

Saving Money in the Home; Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By Elizabeth Lattimer.

It is generally agreed that if food costs are to be lowered a more economical system of distribu- tion of farm products must be per- fected and placed in practical use. Standardization is the essential basis for such a system. This means not only standard grades for fruits and vegetables, but standards for the containers in which they are packed.

SHOULD SELL BY WEIGHT.

The Bureau of Markets is charged with the enforcement of the United States standard container act which provides only for standard capacities for grapes and berry baskets used in interstate commerce. The application of this law has resulted in the widespread use of these con- tainers in intrastate commerce also, for shippers have come to appreciate the benefits derived from the use of uniform methods of marketing such fruits.

Standardization of larger shipping containers, such as hampers and round-stave baskets is equally desir- able, say the bureau's experts. Of course, the best method is to sell produce by the pound, but where it is impracticable to sell by weight, uniform containers should be used. Bushel baskets of peaches from Georgia and Colorado should contain the same quantity of peaches. The same is true of any other food commodity shipped in hampers or baskets.